

"To care for him who has borne the battle, and for his widow and orphans."

The National Tribune.

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NOTICE.

When you send in your subscription always state whether renewal or new subscriber.

When you renew from another post office give former address as well.

When change of address is desired be sure to give former address.

Your pension certificate is now a vested right, and perfectly secure.

It will continue so under W. H. Taft.

Will you endanger this security by voting for Wm. J. Bryan?

Remember, veterans of all wars:

A vote for Wm. J. Bryan is a vote to bring into power all the men who have been your constant and injurious enemies.

A vote for Wm. H. Taft is a vote to keep in power the men who have been your constant and generously helpful friends, who have given you all you have gained.

Bryan has not hinted his selection of a Secretary of the Interior nor a Commissioner of Pensions. Do you want Hoke Smith to come again with another William Lechen?

The October report of the crop conditions is full of hope for the country. There were altogether 659,020,000 bushels of wheat raised, against 624,057,000 last year. The quality of the wheat is \$8.1, as against \$5.9, the average for the last six years. The oat crop has similarly increased from 754,412,000 to 759,161,000, and the other crops, with the exception of barley, show a similar gratifying increase.

Every little while we get a sharp reminder of the dangers of all this civilization. The other day, in London, a fine burnt-out and more than 30,000 people were held for long hours in the underground railroads, from 20 to 150 feet beneath the surface, without food or drink, and subjected to harrowing fears. All the lights were extinguished, the elevators stopped wherever they might be, and the misery was general.

The Archduke Franz Ferdinand has suddenly come to the front as a power to be reckoned with. He is the nephew of the aged Emperor Franz Josef, and will succeed to the throne of the Empire Kingdom. He is a man of haughty character, iron will, and much ability. He longs to restore Austria-Hungary to her old place as a leading power, and seems what he calls the "sleepy ways of Austria foreign policy." He is believed to have burning aspirations to make the Empire a great Slavic power, counterbalancing Russia, by absorbing all the little Danubian countries and to sit upon the throne of the Byzantine Emperors at Constantinople.

The results of the six measurements of Mount Everest in the Himalayas have now been worked out, and it has been determined that it is the highest mountain in the world. The mean of the six measurements taken is 29,141 feet, or over five and a half miles. This is probably a little under, rather than over, the height, since there are several minor elements in the calculation that have not been worked out. No other peak in the world is known to have a height of 29,000 feet. The mountain was named after Sir George Everest, Surveyor-General of India, but the natives call it Garisanku, or "Mountain of the Gods."

The veterans of Iowa have reasons of peculiar strength for supporting solidly the candidacy of Maj. John F. Lacey for the United States Senate. Iowa was one of the great soldier States of the Union, and Iowa soldiers made a brilliant record on every battlefield where they were engaged. Despite this Iowa has never had a soldier representing her in the United States Senate, and now the opportunity has come at this late hour for such a selection. Maj. Lacey is an admirable representative of the magnificent Iowa soldiery and it will be a high credit to them, as well as of great usefulness to the Nation, to send him to the Upper House. We know from his long career in the House of Representatives how well he will represent his State and his comrades in the Upper House.

AN OPEN LETTER.

To the Veterans of the Civil, Indian and Spanish Wars.

COMRADES—You are all united in a bond of strong and close fraternity, as men who have given the highest service to the country in times of supreme need.

You have before you once more the highly important duty of helping by your votes and influence to select a President of the United States. This is a duty which should be executed with as high patriotism as any ever presented to you in the field.

For more than a quarter of a century now THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE has been much honored by you as your spokesman and counselor. How surely and well we have advised you in the past you know far better than we can tell you. We ask you to give consideration to that long record in weighing what we shall now say to you.

In making up your minds how you shall vote yourselves, and influence others, the personality of the Democratic candidate and his marvelous daily output of pleasing promises should have little consideration. Sounding brass and tinkling cymbals usually lead armies of voracity and destruction.

Were Mr. Bryan an angel of light he could not change the characters of the cohorts arrayed behind him, nor swerve a hair's breadth their purposes and performances if successful. Far from being an angel of light, he is not even a man of strong and commanding will. He is mere flotsam on the surface of a turbulent tide.

While, undoubtedly, a large proportion of Mr. Bryan's party are good, sincere but mistaken men, they are, alas, very far from being the controlling element. They have no more influence than the murmuring brook of the leafy month of June has over the wild and turbid freshet that may roll along its course.

Into this turbid tide has been gathered by Mr. Bryan's specious promises of success every element which has hated and fought you in the past. Every man who, in the words of Shylock, has heated your enemies, cooled your friends, scouted your sorrows, sneered at your joys, mocked your losses, disparaged your gains, is now shouting for Bryan.

Still later, every man who has bitterly opposed the Government's doing justice to those who had fought its battles is now a Bryan man. Every speaker who has groaned over "the intolerable pension burden" is now lifting his voice for Bryan. Every editor who has filled his columns with calumnies as to the character of veterans and their wives, who has systematically depreciated their services in the field, who has belittled their achievements and extolled those of their enemies, who has invented lying statistics to the detriment of their fair fame is now an ardent advocate of Bryan's election.

Look around you in your own communities for a verification of this. Are not the men you know as the loudest shouters for Bryan those whom you have always had to struggle against for everything you strongly wished? Have they not fought you, tooth and nail, on every question in which you were vitally interested, from the regulation of the saloons in your town, and the improvement of the schools, to the great National issues of Reconstruction, Honest Money, Protection to American Industry, Just Pensions, and National honor and good faith beyond the seas? Look over the past, and see how every movement for reform, betterment, progress and right, in your Town, State and the Nation—everything which is now accepted as a great benefit, had to be won over their determined opposition. These men are the backbone, sinews, brains and willpower of the party which Mr. Bryan leads. His florid and flatulent rhetoric cannot dim the leopard's spots, nor bleach the Ethiopian's color.

It must be a fearful danger to entrust the Government to men whose political record is an unbroken succession of vicious antagonisms, portentous fallacies and repudiated heresies.

To vote for Bryan now is to enter the camp of your pestilent and lifelong enemies. You would be accepted, not as a welcome ally, but as a despised captive, who had been forced to surrender and was entitled to no consideration.

On the other hand, you will find the W. H. Taft camp packed with your friends, with the men who have touched elbows with you in all the struggles of the past, who know your services and your worth, who have stood steadfastly by you against all your enemies and opposers, who have been your faithful, constant, helpful friends in the White House, in the Departments, in Congress and in the Legislatures. They have given you all you have gotten from Congress and from Legislatures. To them is due the credit for those magnificent exhibitions of the Nation's gratitude and justice, the Disability Bill, the McCumber Bill, the Widows' Bill, the Maimed Soldiers' Bill, and scores of other similarly liberal pension acts.

These measures are now putting the inconceivable sum of \$140,000,000 a year into the hands of the veterans of all wars and their widows and dependent ones. Under their beneficent operation every man who served his country faithfully in the great civil war, in the arduous struggles to make the savage-haunted West fit for homes of industry and contentment, or in the epoch-making foreign wars which raised America to a world power, is comfortably secured against want in his days of age and feebleness.

Now, comrades of all wars, you have in your turn given the very best that was in you toward preserving the country and carrying her forward on her path to towering greatness. Each veteran, in his day, did the work lying before him with a lofty courage, loyalty, and self-sacrifice beyond all praise. You are the true architects of the country's greatness. The duty of carefully preserving what your valor and self-sacrifice gained at such fearful cost is no less pressing and imperative than was the duty of gaining it. The aggregation of hostile elements led by Mr. Bryan as menacing to the country's well being, as well as to each of you individually, as in any of the critical times in the past. The minds and purposes of those behind and controlling him have undergone no change. It is the same old enemy, with new flags and new war cries. If Mr. Bryan's newly-fabricated principles and theories have any force whatever, they are as dangerous as any political heresy ever advocated, and utterly subversive of the form of Government you fought to maintain and the institutions you cemented with your blood.

With whatever force we may have gained by our safe and sane guidance for the past quarter of a century, we conjure you to vote solidly, and exert whatever influence you may possess for the election of Wm. H. Taft as President of the United States.

Yours fraternally,

THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE

A GRAND FRATERNITY.

The veterans of the civil war, of the various Indian Wars and of the Spanish War are united in the bond of a close and intimate fraternity, with the unequalled by any other association of men. Each and every one of them has that splendid consecration of manhood which comes from a patriotic and self-sacrificing response to the country's call in time of need. They singled themselves out from the mass of other men as loving their country better and being ready with their self-sacrifice for her interests. The history of their services may be very different, yet every one of them placed himself at the disposal of the Government for any dangerous duty that might be in hand. It came to some to perform much higher duties and render more signal service than others, but this was their opportunity and good fortune. All the rest were as willing and ready, and if the fortunes of war had been the same they would have acquitted themselves as admirably. There is something in the very act of enlisting, of swearing with uplifted hand to support the Constitution and laws of the United States against all enemies and opposers whatsoever and of putting on the uniform which denotes such self-devotion that surpasses all other ties which can unite men. No one can have the faintest idea of what will befall a young man who enlists and devotes himself to the service of his country. Every form of mortal danger, death in every guise, hardships pushed to the last limit of human endurance, trials of mind and soul which wrench them to the uttermost are all possible and generally probable. Battle is only one form of the soldier's trials. The tests of manhood come also in a thousand other forms equally trying to courage and fortitude. Whether death come from the sword or from the enemy, the arrows of the skulking Indian or the poison of fever-stricken swamps it is equally an act of personal sacrifice and devotion to the Country to meet it, wearing her uniform.

The veterans of the Grand Army of the Republic recognize the strength of this bond with their junior comrades. They understand as nobody else does what it meant to put on the blue liveries of the Nation and do the country's bidding, and they welcome to closest fraternity every man who served faithfully and received an honorable discharge. They look upon the younger veterans of later wars as their successors in the work that they have done, not only in the field, but in steadily maintaining a spirit of loyalty to the Government and love for her institutions after they had left the active service of the United States. The men who have followed Old Glory, wherever she led in the path of duty, form a glorious brotherhood, the like of which exists nowhere else.

PENNSYLVANIA AT FREDERICKSBURG.

Great preparations are being made for the unveiling at Fredericksburg of a monument to the Pennsylvania regiments, which will occur Nov. 11. This is in commemoration of the magnificent charge of Humphrey's Division on May 3, 1862. The regiments which took part were the 12th, 126th, 129th, 131st, 133d, 134th, 31st and 155th Pa. The Commission known as the Fredericksburg Battlefield Memorial Commission consists of:

D. Watson Rowe, President, Chambersburg, Lieutenant-Colonel, 126th Pa. James M. Clark, Secretary and Treasurer, New Castle, Captain, Co. G, 134th Pa. Wm. Withers, Pittsburg, Co. E, 123d Pa. Clay W. Evans, St. Clair, Co. B, 129th Pa. J. Hunter Miles, Milton, Co. B, 131st Pa.

George F. Baer, Reading Terminal, Philadelphia, Captain, Co. E, 133d Pa.

Every honorably discharged survivor of these eight regiments, constituting Humphrey's Division, is entitled to free transportation to Fredericksburg and return from the railroad station in Pennsylvania nearest his residence. To secure this transportation, which does not include either subsistence or sleeping-car accommodations, application must be made to the Secretary, James M. Clark, New Castle, Pa. This application need contain no information but the applicant's desire, his name, regiment and post-office address. These applications should be made as early as possible, in order that the railroads may provide the needed tickets. These will be secured on the Secretary's order, from Nov. 5 to 11 inclusive, and will be good returning until Nov. 25. It is expected that arrangements will be made for the sale of tickets to families and friends on a card order from the Secretary at one and a half cents each way. The 155th Pa. Regimental Association will hold its Reunion at the same time, and all the other regiments will probably hold Reunions. The monument is a splendid work of art, cost \$25,000, and will be unveiled by Gen. A. A. Humphrey's daughter.

THE FACTS ABOUT THE BADGE.

A comrade in the Pacific Home, whose name we withhold, says that the facts about the badge order are that on Saturday, Aug. 23, E. W. Moore, who, if all reports be true, is not a citizen of the United States, although he has been employed for a number of years as a clerk to Gov. Cockran. The latter, when he became Governor, made him Treasurer, and then Mr. Moore decided to apply for citizenship. On Saturday, Aug. 23, Mr. Moore inspected Co. B, and found fault with some of the men about wearing the G. A. R. button. In the discussion that followed an old order was resurrected, which had forbidden the cutting of the clothes when issued to the men. This order had been issued six or seven years ago on account of the cutting of the clothes to put in pockets, and had no reference to making a slit to insert the button badge. The matter of "mutilating" the uniforms to insert the button badge is still under discussion.

Your pension certificate is all right now, and will be under Taft. If you want to put it in danger, vote for Bryan and the men behind him.

THE STORM PASSING.

The war thunders in the Balkans are becoming less startling, and the impression grows stronger that peace will be maintained.

Austria says boldly that her acquisition of Bosnia and Herzegovina must be accepted as a completed fact, about which she will allow no question. Germany supports her, and lets it be understood that she will do it with arms if necessary.

Bulgaria, Serbia and Montenegro rage and talk of war, but they will be quieted. The only question is as to the means. They all want more territory. Both Bulgaria and Serbia are eaten with ambition to do for the Slavs what Prussia did for the Germans—build up a great Slav Empire in the Balkans, of which Bulgaria or Serbia, according to their conflicting ambitions, shall be the head. Serbia claims the right of leadership because her present kingdom is a revival of the old Slav monarchy which for a short while dominated the Peninsula, outside of Constantinople. Bulgaria hopes to be as Piedmont was to United Italy, and her hopes rest on her much greater territory and population, her superior wealth, and much better educated people.

The trouble about giving more territory is that it will have to be taken away from Turkey. Just now the Powers are particularly anxious to help along the Young Turkish party to rehabilitate the Ottoman Empire, and account consider for a moment any further carving from the sadly shrunken "Turkey in Europe."

This is what makes England so prompt to suppress the Cretans. From the earliest times Crete, Kandia, or Kreta, was an essential part of Greece. Her people and history were the same, and since the formation of the modern Kingdom of Greece, the Cretans or Kandians have longed intensely for annexation. They have repeatedly risen in insurrection, and their troubles have been a chronic international irritation. They were greatly disappointed that the Berlin Treaty did not give the island to Greece, and England had to use force to make them accept the situation. The same thing has occurred again. The Kandians wanted to take advantage of the troubles on the mainland to unite with Greece, but the British navy has overawed both them and the Greeks.

A few years ago there was no name more odious to the veterans and their widows than that of Hoke Smith, of Georgia, Secretary of the Interior under Cleveland, and director and encourager of the persecution of the pensioners by Commissioner of Pensions Lochren. Every one of the orders which carried terror to the heart of every veteran and veteran's widow was approved and signed by Hoke Smith. How many originated with him we have no means of knowing, but we do know that during his four years of office he did not issue any order for the benefit of veterans and their widows. He never saw an opportunity to say or do a gracious thing for them. Hoke Smith, now Governor of Georgia, is at the head of the Bryan leaders of the South, and if Bryan is elected will, in all probability, be in his Cabinet. Does any veteran want another visitation of Hoke Smith?

When it comes to high-mixes, Caesar Ferdinand of Bulgaria beats a New York East Side primary. His mother, who was the largest element in his make-up, was a French Bourbon, daughter of Louis Philippe, King of the French. His father was a little German Prince, relative of King Edward VIII's father. He is a Protestant, but he married an Italian Princess, who was a rigid Roman Catholic. As the State religion of Bulgaria is Greek Catholic, his children have had to be brought up in that faith, and upon the death of his first wife he married a German Princess, who is a Protestant.

A statistician has been turning his ready pencil to a computation of the energy exerted by the women of the United States in daily sweeping. He finds that in the aggregate it is sufficient to stem the torrent of Niagara Falls. He estimated that a woman exerted one pound force at a stroke, and gave three strokes to the square foot. This would make a ton pressure in a five-room house, or 15,000,000 tons energy expended every day in sweeping all the houses in the United States. It takes four brooms a year for each home to do this work, at an expenditure of \$15,000,000.

Some people would like to have us enter the Congress to revise the Berlin Treaty. Neither the need nor the desirability is apparent. Let them publicize their own sores. We do not care whether Austria or Russia gets Constantinople, or whether Greece, Bulgaria or Serbia is dominant on the Balkan Peninsula. We do not want to butt into a squabble which they have been hacking at for centuries, and which gives them heart failure every year with a war scare. We have quite enough to attend to in South America and the Far East, which are our proper fields of operation.

Now it is the lobster who is crying for protection. He says that unless something decisive is done to protect his home and the development of his young he will soon be extinct. The lobster is a highly valued member of the community, and we would be very loath to think of him as no more. Chicken and veal make a very poor substitute in a salad, and beside he grows at his own expense, pasturing on the mournful and misty Atlantic.

The Secret Service force of the Pension Bureau is now small in numbers and restricted to its legitimate functions of investigating actual frauds. There is a vicious hungry crowd behind Bryan. They are famishing to get on Uncle Sam's pay-roll in some way. Do you want them set to work in the old way, traveling into every neighborhood to gather up petty gossip and malicious scandals against veterans and their widows?



The Favorite Son Gets the Cold Shoulder.

AS TO SAUSAGE.

Alas! the well-meant, patriotic efforts of a Judge in New York to make the sausage mean only the toothsome preparation of spiced meat that our mothers made have been futile. All over Europe sausages of various kinds contain some flour or meal, and the European element seems to have been strong enough in Indiana, South Dakota, Wisconsin, Iowa, Illinois, Minnesota and Michigan to secure the adoption of the European standard for sausages, instead of the good old American one that our mothers set up. The Food Commissioners of the States named have adopted a rule admitting a certain percentage of cereals into the sausages, so as to make it take the place of both bread and meat.

Appropos of this sausage discussion was a session as surprising as it was comic of a Pure Food Congress at Brussels. This was attended by representatives from all the European countries, and when the question of sausages came up the attempt to limit the contents to beef and pork brought a storm of protests from French, Belgian and other representatives. The French struck first for the inclusion of horse, mule and donkey meat, which they highly extolled, and then there was a loud claim for dog meat, which some representatives said was superior to any other. So widely divergent were the views that when the following was adopted as the meaning of the word sausage a large minority of the Congress yelled, "We are a Congress of fraud," and slapping on their hats, stamped out of the Congress.

"When the word sausage, sausage meat, saveloy, are employed, without epithet, it means that a mixture of pork, beef and veal is employed."

Louis Lombard, the noted impresario, musician and capitalist, says in the New York Herald: "Mr. Sherman, whom I have known 22 years, has been my attorney, and an incident in our most friendly relations, whereby it was shown to me that he was ready to risk his reputation in a political sense in order to render me a great service, proved to me his constancy and honesty."

Of the 529 votes of pension bills, 524 were by Grover Cleveland, a Democratic President.

The Little Bronze Button.

(By H. A. Webb, 95th Ill., Aurora, Ill. Dedicated to his G. A. R. comrades, in P. C. & L. Tune: "The Old Oaken Bucket.")

There's a little bronze emblem that's treasured more dearly Than diamond, or ruby, or jewel, or star. To heroes entitled to wear it sincerely It links them together, those comrades of war. When a messenger brings of the dead and the living, Of fathers and brothers who struggled and fought, These veterans who fought to preserve us a Nation Are known by the button they wear on their coat.

Chorus—The little bronze button, that glorified button, The old soldier's button he wears on his coat. Still keep it in view, that little bronze button. And honor the wearers, once brave boys in blue; They marched side by side, 'twill ne'er be forgotten, 'Tis the Grand Army button they wear, so true. That bronze button, the charm of the wearer, The gray-bearded soldiers who've laid by their arms; They're mustering out heroes, each day by the hundreds, Those veterans who battled to save us our farms.

RECENT LITERATURE.

Scribner's Magazine is fortunate in having the opportunity to publish some very interesting portions of the biography of Richard Mansfield which has been prepared by his friend and secretary for many years, Paul Wiltach. The September number contains a vivid account of Mansfield's "Beginnings and Apprenticeship," outlining his early days in Boston and his first serious efforts on the stage in England. "The American Battleship and Life in the Navy," by Thomas Meyer, a blue-jacket, Laird & Lee, Chicago; 246 pp., in blue silk cloth; \$1.25.

A Beautiful Souvenir.

John C. Dickey Post, Greenville, Pa., issued a very beautiful souvenir of Memorial Day, with a full list of all the soldier dead in the various cemeteries. The dead of the Revolution, War of 1812, War with Mexico, and the Spanish War were all included. Theodore Oakes, of the 145th Pa., is Commander of John C. Dickey Post, and Col. W. A. Kreps, Chairman of the Memorial Committee. Ex-Gov. Asa W. Jones, a son of a veteran, was the orator.

New Music.

"Beloved Land." By W. J. H. Hogan. A patriotic song. Washington, D. C. Price 25 cents. "Come Unto Me." A sacred song, with words by D. R. Locke, "Petroneum V. Nasby," and music by John Wiegand. Published by Ignaz Fischer, Toledo, O. Price, 15 cents.

Tenants Who Carry Off Their Farms.

(From the Philadelphia Bulletin.) The modern farmer was applying electrical message to a cart horse's strained knee. During the intervals of rest he talked farm talk. "There are tenants," he said, "who, when they move, carry their farms with them as the tortoise does his house. These people are the Norman French, the world's best farmers. "Where you or I would require 20 or 30 acres of land to keep one family, the French farmer will keep a family on a quarter of an acre. If he chose to cultivate 20 or 30 acres, he would become a millionaire."

"His secret lies in the perfection to which he brings his top soil. What with fertilizing and watering and clearing his top soil is the blackest, finest, richest soil on earth. His top soil is to the French farmer what her voice is to the prima donna."

"And when he rents he contracts that on the termination of his lease he may carry off 18 inches of the top soil with him."

"When you see a French farmer moving, one small cart carries his household goods and in seven or eight enormous drays his top soil lumbars on behind."

The Girl for Him.

A Scotchman, wishing to know his fate at once, telegraphed a proposal of marriage to the lady of his choice. After spending the entire day at the telegraph office he was finally rewarded late in the evening by an affirmative answer.

"If I were you," suggested the operator when he delivered the message, "I'd keep twice before I'd marry a girl that kept me waiting all day for my answer."

"Na, na," retorted the Scot. "The lass who waits for the night rats is the lass for me."—Everybody's Magazine.

Addresses Wanted.

S. T. Moore, Box 133, Tallula, Miss. Co. H. 64th U. S. C. T. wants address of former company and regimental comrades.

J. B. Adams, 802 Gay St., Longmont, Colo., formerly of Co. F, 141st Pa., and of Co. D, 3d V. R. C., desires information concerning his brother, Z. I. (or L. I.) Adams, Co. M, 4th P. V. Cav., last heard from at 66 Grove St., Carbondale, Pa.

Henry Winter, Hanover, Ill., would like to have address of any member of Co. E, 15th Ky., who remembers Lawrence J. Kelly.

Mrs. Annie F. Hook, corner Tenth St. and 20th Ave., Tampa, Fla., wants address of D. L. Stanton, Co. E, 95th Pa., who once lived in Wilmington, Del.

Harriet Smith, Box 100, Marshall, Ohio, needs information of the whereabouts or of the death of her husband, Geo. Smith who served in Co. D, 12th Ohio. He became involved in some difficulties and disappeared from his family and friends at Shreve, Ohio, in 1879.

Mrs. Alfred Lambert, Terrace, Pa., wants to know of any comrade who remembers Alfred Lambert, who served in the 1st Mo. Militia in 1864-5.

Mrs. Eliza Ubrich, Hogestown, Pa., wants address of her brother, John A. Baird, who served in Co. F, 130th Pa.

C. D. Hayden, Farnham, Neb., wants information about Edward D. Hayden, Co. D, 3d N. Y. Cav. Reported dead at Paducah, Ky., 1900. Death not confirmed by any doctor, undertaker, city official or other person inquired of.

Daniel Stevenson, 307 Allegheny Ave., Philadelphia, Pa., wants to hear from his former comrades, Michael Hagerty and Chas. Angus, Co. I, 1st Del.

D. F. Siegfried, 904 Ninth St. south, Fargo, N. D., wants address of a comrade of Co. A, 1st Ohio Cav., commanded at one time by Maj. Wheeler, of Cincinnati.

Comrade James Munroe, Co. E, 26th Mass., 375 Main St., Concord Junction, Mass., would like to hear from Comrade James O. Munroe, 90th N. Y.